

Torrance Herald

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Pools of Gold

One of the clearest pictures of the federal government's control over activities it supports is contained in a breakdown of the requirement for participation in the "open space" program whereby cities may receive financial help in creating park and recreation facilities.

A comprehensive report on these requirements was presented to members of the City Council Tuesday evening by City Attorney Stanley Remelmeier who had been instructed to research the provisions of the federal program.

To get the federal government to contribute up to 20 per cent of the cost of acquiring park land, the city would be required to:

• Adopt and place in effect a comprehensive plan "in accordance with state and local law."

This plan, the city attorney reports, would require a master plan for long-range development, and plans for land use, public facilities, transportation facilities, capital improvements, park and recreation facilities, and the plan must show order of priority of development, financing arrangements, and the coordination of all city departments.

• The program would have to be coordinated with other governmental agencies concerned.

• The federal government, through the Housing and Home Finance Administration, must be assured that the city is preserving a maximum of open space with a minimum of cost through use of existing public land, special tax, zoning, and subdivision provisions.

• As conditions of any federal grant, the city would have to agree that use of the park area would not be restricted on the basis of race, creed, color, national origin, or place of residence.

• Once qualified, the area could not be converted to a different use or disposed of without approval of the federal government and without substitution of equivalent park land.

• The city must keep records and an accounting system which will permit effective audit by the federal government, and must permit federal government representatives to examine the city's books.

All of this, we hold, is too much federal control for a 20 per cent share of the land acquisition price.

Our objection, however, goes beyond the maze of red tape, it is one of principle. The whole program is an opening gambit for entry of the federal government into the affairs of the city—affairs which a city such as Torrance is fully capable of handling without importing high-priced talent from Washington.

"If Torrance doesn't take it, some other city will," is the repeated cry of those who would run to Washington with their hands out for the "plum." Many cities throughout the United States, however, are not taking Washington's "free money" and have made their stand on a matter of principle—preferring home rule to federal rule of municipal affairs.

Proponents of such a program could be likened to a man orating against crime while his hand is in the petty cash drawer, justifying his action because only pennies are involved.

There are no degrees of federal control; once the bureaucrats have their hand in the till, one might as well hand them the checkbook.

Torrance needs federal aid for its park program like it needs a gold swimming pool. The gold pool, in fact, would probably be cheaper.

ROYCE BRIER

Using Strategic Goods From Surplus Pile Urged

Right after Pearl Harbor it occurred to us we were considerably on the shorts in some goods we had always taken for granted—remember tire rationing? But it was worse than that, involving manganese and other strange substances necessary to modern warfare. So we swore we'd never get caught again and after the war the experts drew up a long list.

This shook down 17 years later to 73 different materials we have stockpiled. It inventories at \$7.725 billion, and the warehouse charges on the stuff run to scores of millions, though not so high as

the storage charges on food surpluses.

In this stockpile is rubber. We now have over one million tons of it, 342,000 tons more than ceiling. Storage costs us almost \$4 million annually.

We have been selling this off at a miserly rate of 5,000 tons annually. But when it was suggested the other day we sell it all off, about \$261 million worth, it was discovered government policy forbids it.

This dumping would depress the world rubber market, and hurt major suppliers, Malaya and other underdeveloped countries.

Senator Symington sug-

Morning Report:

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall reported that on his recent trip to the West he found "women generally had a firmer grip than the men" when they shook his hand. He said this was a "commentary on conditions."

At the same time, Dr. Margaret Mead, the noted scientist, reported there may be as many as two and a half million lady drunks in the country.

The mountain-climbing Secretary may feel we average men are losing our grip. Actually, he may have been meeting a lot of women drinkers who shook hands hard to keep from falling down.

Abe Mellinkoff

You're Telling Me?



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Wells Fargo Overcomes Modern Banking Concept

As a professional historian of various specialized aspects of the American past when not engaged in congealing the marrow of readers of this column, the author of these fugitive paragraphs often has cause to wonder about the mentalities of the people who regard history, especially in its regional manifestations, as their own private personal property to be sequestered for their own satisfaction or profit or even to be expunged from the record at their personal whim.

One calls to mind the American Car & Foundry Co. of St. Charles, Mo., whose priceless archives in the field of railroading and car-building, including every glass plate photograph of its products over more than a century, every car plan, every fabric sample, contract and article of business correspondence only a few years back were destroyed outright at the order of a vice president who saw no least value in the irreplaceable repository of the past that was in his keeping.

There is no better testimony to its corporate validity and claim on contemporary business anywhere than the Wells Fargo Bank's altogether admirable and admirably conducted History Room, recently relocated in the new California Street premises. Personally, I have an ingrained distrust of banks where there are no grilles around the cashiers, where vice presidents are not exposed to the full public gaze and where business generally is conducted less like a bank than a farmer's market. I know without being told that a man who wears no waistcoat and eschews a pocket watch for a wristwatch is no banker and should be shunned in money matters.

Some of the lamentable manifestations are characteristic of the Wells Fargo Bank, but its scrupulous maintenance of its History Room resolves all doubts. Here is a bank with a sense of public responsibility and a claim to respectable regard.

That the History Room and all it represents has survived the attacks of various yahoos in the organization who see no merit in anything not conducive to the fast buck is, in large measure, due to the civic responsibility of Warren Hellman, now chairman of the board, and the History Room's custodian, Irene Simpson, who together have fended off the internal element of barbarism that exists everywhere in American business, even in Wells Fargo.

Now the new Wells Fargo History Room is being opened this week with what one gathers to be subdued hoorrays in its new location at 420 Montgomery St., which is just 10 feet south of Wells Fargo's first primeval offices where it hung out a shingle and

started to make history as one of the most romantic names of the Old West. Here are the gold assays, the gold scales, the derringers and wanted posters, the sawed-off shotguns and presentation watches to faithful employees who stood off the bandits, all the essential properties of banking and the express business in a day when money was worth stealing.

In its way the History Room and its surrounding banking premises permeated with good cheer and casual references to billions of dollars by vice presidents without waistcoats are a reflection of our own economic times and perhaps a not very reassuring one. Money, they proclaim, once used to be worth something and people risked getting a slug from a Winchester Express rifle to come by it. Nowadays everybody has it in such quantities that its worth is so microscopic that it isn't worth protecting.

Whether or not the stuff the Wells Fargo Bank traffics in today has an tangible value, the bank is a repository of far more precious assets than even the most liquid balance sheet can show: the golden memory of a golden time in a golden city when men poured their own drinks at the Bank Exchange bar and paid for them with hard money which everybody respected. The American eagle, too, was respected as long as it appeared engrossed on minted coin.

Pause, stranger, and wipe a furtive tear at the gold exhibit at the Wells Fargo History Room. It represents a way of life and a time and place worth living in.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER

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What's wrong with getting Mom a catcher's glove for Mother's Day?

AFTER HOURS By John Morley

Foreign Aid Tabulation A Legacy to Our Children

WASHINGTON, D.C.—This is the city of "big names," big politics, big figures, big decisions, big delusions, big mistakes... and not always big men. This covers all echelons and all political complexions. This is the base of the foreigners' touch, the diplomatic duplicity—and the great American foreign giveaway. We've been covering the latter's bigness since the early thirties. It staggers the imagination now.

Any sane American coming here who knows his way around and who knows how to get around the superficial political buffet and cocktails—and can control his temper long enough to spare the blood—can compile his own recap of the biggest most foolish foreign giveaway in history. No nation on earth has given so much away... and no nation on earth has received so little thanks in return.

If any of our readers across the country might like to look in for themselves on their next trip to Washington, they can get the shock anywhere between the cherry blossoms and the "Congressional Record" figures. For those who prefer the jolt from a reclining posture at home, we gathered the figures for you.

These billions represent what you and I and millions of American taxpayers put up to be given away or loaned (whichever word fits your fancy) to foreign nations—just since the end of World War II. Not during, but after World War II, between 1945 and 1962.

Out of over \$90 billions we have given in gifts and questionable loans abroad, some \$60 billions went to what are referred to erroneously as "neutral countries"... like India, Yugoslavia, Egypt, Morocco, etc. Most of these "neutrals" not only have been known to vote against us in the United Nations, but actually supported the side of our Communist enemies.

A few of these "neutrals" at least express their loyalty and support to the United States. It is also true that other recipients of our aid are notably aligned to us and the Western bloc.

The list of our foreign aid below is not easy to come by. Among our readers, probably few have ever seen it before. It has not received wide publicity because of the trouble and research required to secure it.

We are giving it wide publicity with this column for several reasons. It may serve to wake up a lot of people with the actual amounts and the names of the recipients; provide youth and students with the size of their foreign-aid mortgage; make taxpayers think and think hard—and it may arouse the voters to look threateningly at their political candidates in the coming congressional elections... and ask, "How come?"

Here is where your hard-earned dollars have gone in

Country	Amount	Country	Amount
Austria	\$1,170,000,000	Venezuela	73,300,000
Belgium-Luxemburg	1,935,200,000	West Indies Federation	11,500,000
Denmark	822,200,000	Overseas Territories	4,800,000
France	9,423,600,000	Regional	111,100,000
Germany (Federated Republic)	4,993,900,000	Ethiopia	115,000,000
Iceland	127,000,000	Ghana	4,000,000
Ireland	65,600,000	Guinea	3,800,000
Italy	146,200,000	Liberia	73,300,000
Japan	5,517,000,000	Libya	154,000,000
Netherlands	2,416,000,000	Morocco	194,700,000
Norway	1,024,300,000	Nigeria	6,200,000
Poland	509,400,000	Somali Republic	9,100,000
Portugal	370,600,000	Sudan	44,100,000
Spain	1,470,200,000	Tunisia	135,200,000
Sweden	108,900,000	Overseas Territories Regional	60,900,000
Switzerland	8,668,300,000	Regional	21,600,000
United Kingdom	2,132,400,000	Nonregional (Source: Congressional Record)	3,336,200,000
Yugoslavia	2,237,300,000		
Regional	316,100,000		
Burma	3,074,200,000		
Cambodia	293,600,000		
China	3,894,500,000		
Republic of			
Indochina (undistributed)	1,535,000,000		
Indonesia	558,000,000		
Japan	3,562,500,000		
Korea	4,486,600,000		
Laos	391,200,000		
Malaya	21,800,000		
Philippines	1,555,700,000		
Thailand	571,800,000		
Vietnam	1,895,900,000		
Regional	316,100,000		
Greece	3,074,200,000		
Iran	1,012,500,000		
Iraq	85,300,000		
Israel	709,100,000		
Jordan	230,900,000		
Lebanon	86,100,000		
Saudi Arabia	46,600,000		
Turkey	3,094,900,000		
United Arab Republic	295,000,000		
Yemen	11,300,000		
CENFO	23,200,000		
Algerian	145,700,000		
Ceylon	65,300,000		
India	2,333,900,000		
Nepal	39,400,000		
Pakistan	1,255,700,000		
Regional	854,200,000		
Argentina	191,700,000		
Bolivia	136,500,000		
Brazil	1,376,500,000		
Chile	364,600,000		
Colombia	249,500,000		
Costa Rica	48,700,000		
Cuba	52,000,000		
Dominican Republic	8,800,000		
Ecuador	84,300,000		
El Salvador	10,000,000		
Guatemala	117,400,000		
Haiti	80,400,000		
Honduras	34,900,000		
Mexico	600,000,000		
Nicaragua	42,500,000		
Panama	58,600,000		
Paraguay	79,500,000		
Peru	334,300,000		
Uruguay	72,300,000		

These, and other indirect sums, total over \$90 billion. Other billions have gone abroad in "UN agency" gifts and loans. More billions were spent here and abroad to administer this foreign aid.

Some of this aid even went to Castro. Over \$2 billion went to Tito and Yugoslavia, who this week signed another trade pact with Russia and Red China.

Some \$5 billion went to West Germany and \$5.5 billion to Italy, both of whom are experiencing the most prosperous eras in their history—with balanced budgets—while Uncle Sam is struggling with a \$300 billion debt and a \$9 billion a year interest on this debt.

With this back-breaking burden on all of us—and especially our children and grandchildren who will endow it—it is the height of arrogance and irresponsibility for the internationalists to continue foreign aid at such an astronomical rate and volume.

Hoppe in Wonderland

Don't Call Us; We'll Call You

Art Hoppe

Some time back I was telling you about this idea to hook Mr. Kennedy up with Mr. Krushchev on a "hot" telephone line. So that if Mr. Kennedy accidentally lobbed a few megatons toward Mr. Krushchev's lap, he could ring him up and explain how it was just a silly mistake, ha ha, and not to get sore about it.

At the time, I carefully analyzed the proposal and concluded it had serious flaws. Like Mr. Krushchev would probably be in the bathtub when the phone rang. And, anyway, he may have kind of a biased sense of humor. So I confidently dismissed the whole thing as unworkable, irresponsible and farfetched.

Our State Department has now formally proposed this exact same proposal to the Russians at Geneva. Which is the way it goes.

But anything my country's for, I'm for. I say the idea is clearly workable, responsible, and very nearfetched. And thus deserves careful analysis. Like how Mr. Kennedy, once he's pacified Mr. Krushchev on the phone will go about making amends:

"Hi, there, Mr. Chairman. Sorry I got you out of the tub. But I thought you'd like to know we had a little booboo down at Cape Canaveral, ha ha. It seems there's a, ha ha, Titan heading your way. My, accidents will happen, won't they?"

"What's that? Your voice sounds a little muffled. Oh, under the table. I'm sorry, I should've said right off that it's not going to hit Moscow. Probably Smolensk. I'll bet I gave you quite a start, eh?"

"That's better. I can hear you fine. It sure is lucky it's Smolensk and not Moscow. Every cloud has its silver lining, I say. And no hard feelings, I hope, ha ha."

"Well, I'm awfully glad you're taking it that way, Mr. Chairman. We thought maybe you'd be kind of mad. Really? You're a real good sport to say so. But don't forget, now we owe you."

"So let's see. Smolensk's population is—was—156,677. That makes it—made it—a Class C city (1,000,000 and under). Got your atlas there? Good. Now then, which of our Class C cities would you like to drop one on?"

"Los Angeles? Gee, Mr. Chairman, I know how you feel about Los Angeles. No, you're right. It would be the only practical way to redevelop it. We appreciate your offer. But it's a Class A city. No, ha ha, I mean populationwise."

"How about Pierre, S. D.? Lovely place. Or anywhere in downstate Illinois? Or Maine? All good, solid Republican territory. No, Republican. You know, it's like being Anti-Party. Or there's..."

"Oh, you want to make it a surprise. Yes, I guess Smolensk was sort of a surprise to you at that, ha ha. But when you get ready to fire... Oh, you've already fired? No, there's no sense waiting, I suppose."

"Well, you've certainly been swell about it, Mr. Chairman. These things will happen. But I feel we can live with nuclear missiles as long as we have this fine mutual trust in each other and..."

"Can you hear me, Mr. Chairman? These darn sirens outside. Some sort of Civil Defense test, I guess. But as I was saying, with mutual tr..."